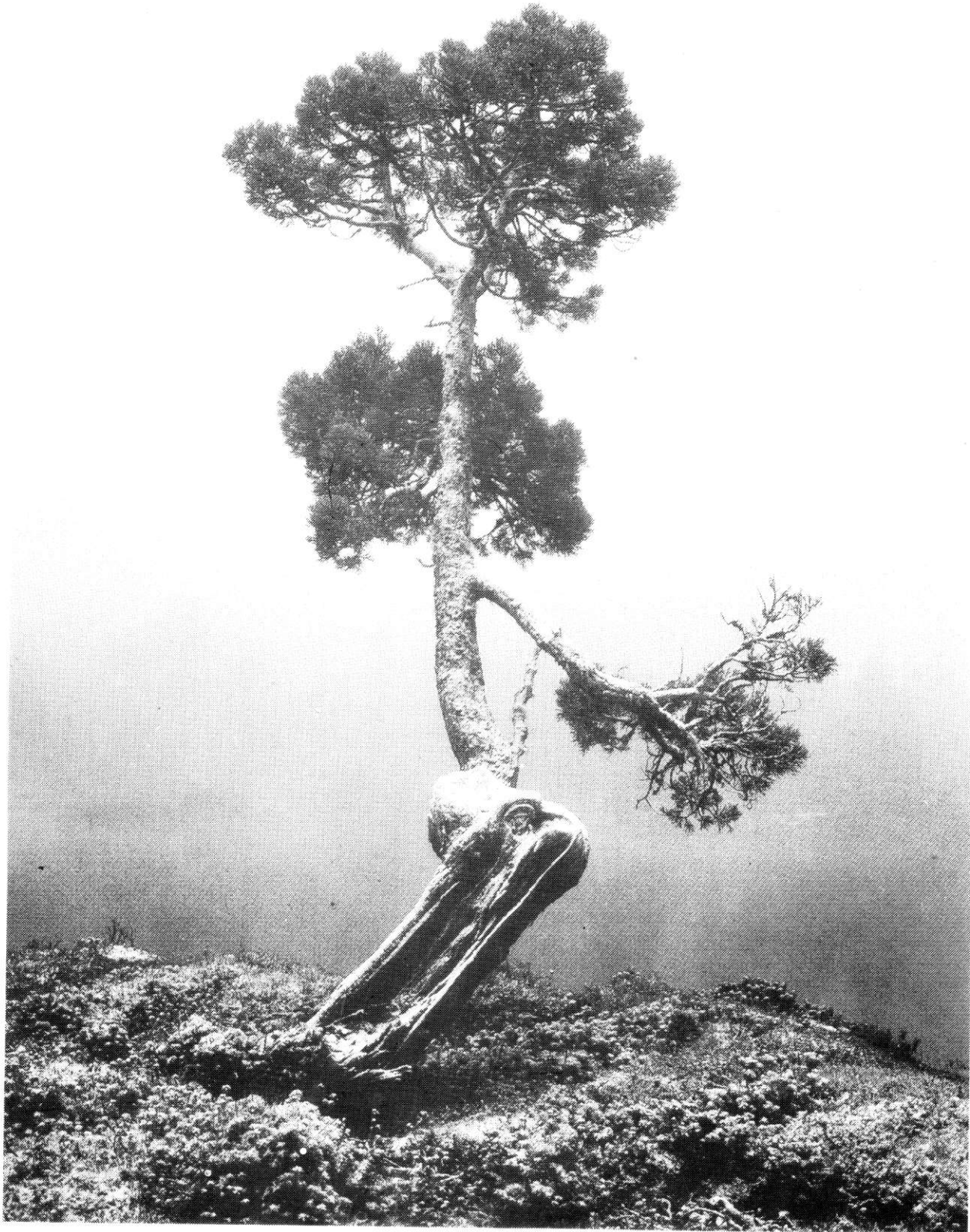


# PRAMA

Ananda Marga • Suva Sectorial Magazine • March 1991    Aus \$2.00





Nissan Motor Corporation in Guam recently awarded a \$1,000 contribution to the Ananda Marga Preschool in Dededo, Guam. This was Nissan's first "Village Connection" donation through which the company seeks to coordinate its support for outstanding community service projects through the local village mayors' offices. The contribution was coordinated by Dada Manavendrananda, who is pictured with Didi Anandanivedita, director of the school. Also pictured are Mr. Joe Rivera, mayor of Dededo, at left and Mr. Rene Fugger, sales manager of Nissan in Guam, at right.

# **Ananda Marga**

**1991 Mid-Year Sectorial Conference**

**July 10 -14**

**Plan Now To Attend**

**Rumbug Camp -- South Gippsland, Vic**  
**(170 Km south-east of Melbourne)**

**Cost: Adults - \$150/120conc.      Children 9-16 yrs - half price**

**Children 3-8 yrs - \$10**

**Children below 3 - free**

**Adults from Outside Australia - \$80**



Giita and Bhaktaviirya's house at Maleny Master Unit is available to rent from March 1991 for one year. The newly built timber house has three bedrooms, study, kitchen/dining area, living room, bathroom, laundry and carport. Vegetable and flower gardens and an orchard are established. The house sits with a beautiful view of the surrounding hills and valleys on 53 acres of land with flowing creek and rainforest and is only six minutes from Maleny town. All services are connected. The neighbors are very sentient, too!

Rental is \$100 per week plus utilities. If you are interested or need additional information, please contact Bhaktaviirya and Giita on (074) 943-109 or 942-887.

## Supreme Command

Those who perform sadhana twice a day regularly, the thought of Paramapurusa will certainly arise in their minds at the time of death; their liberation is a sure guarantee.

Therefore every Ananda Margii will have to perform sadhana twice a day invariably - verily is this the command of the Lord. Without Yama and Niyama, sadhana is an impossibility; hence the Lord's command is also to follow Yama and Niyama. Disobedience to this command is nothing but to throw oneself into the tortures of animal life for crores of years. That no one should undergo torments such as these, that everyone might be enabled to enjoy the eternal blessedness under the loving shelter of the Lord, it is the bounden duty of every Ananda Margii to endeavour to bring all to the path of bliss. Verily is this a part and parcel of sadhana to lead others along the path of righteousness.

**Shrii Shrii Anandamurti**

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## Editorial

For the devotee and Lord, His lila is a ceaseless game of hide-and-seek. One moment He appears so near and dear and one's heart is filled with sweetness and spiritual contentment; the next moment, He seems so very far away and one's heart feels like a parched desert flower which will wither and die unless it is filled again with His Cosmic nectar.

Baba's departure from this physical world is nothing but an intensification of this Divine game of hide-and-seek. He has not gone, but merely concealed Himself more deeply - in the innermost core of our hearts. Like a child whose most treasured toy has been lost, the devotee will not calmly accept that loss, but will be allured by his or her irresistible attraction for Him and seek Him out wherever He may be.

While Baba's role in His lila may be to hide, it is no less our duty to seek. We must practice *anudhyana* ceaselessly - whenever devotees feel that the object of their meditation, their life and soul, is trying to escape, they immediately run after Him and try to catch Him. Though He is the Creator of this lovers' game of hide-and-seek, He is also bound by its rules - and, ultimately, He must surrender to our devotion and reveal Himself completely.

With His physical departure, He has opened the gates to a new world of psycho-spiritual experience. Where once we used to wait outside the gate to His garden watching His beautiful form come closer and ever closer to us - and then turn and walk away; now the gates are wide open and He just keeps walking right into our hearts and minds. Where once He spoke and laughed with others as we watched from a distance, now His attentions are exclusive. He has told us to remember that "I am yours and yours alone" - now there is nothing in the external world to conflict with our internal experience of this intensely personal relationship with Him.

He comes in our dreams - in the sweet ectoplasmic world - completely unbounded. All the rules for His personal contact have gone now. There are no limitations on the time we can spend with Him. We can experience His personal contact not once, but daily in our dhyana and in our dreams. The only limitations now are the depths of our desire for Him. As we grow to want Him more and more, He will reveal Himself more and more - and more and more sweetly in the secret innermost cavity of the devotee's heart. There we will experience His tactual contact.

Jayanti

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## About Pranam

With the greatest joy, we offer you this issue of *Pranam*! Through the dedication and hard work of our co-Editors, Narada and Jayanti, and our contributing writers we will bring you *Pranam* on a regular, quarterly basis. We hope *Pranam* will be both a source of sectorial and global news and a fountain of spiritual and devotional inspiration.

We welcome your personal stories, songs and poetry; Baba stories and dreams; tales of finding the path of bliss or blisters, as the case may be; photos and articles on our service projects; and letters to the Editors. Contributions for the next issue may be sent to Sectorial Office or Maleny Master Unit before April 1st. Subscriptions by mail are available at \$12 per year from Sectorial Office. With our deepest namaskar, dedicated to our beloved Baba, here is *Pranam*.

Acharya Manavendrananda Avt  
Sectorial Public Relations Secretary

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# The Spirit of Complete Surrender

Ac. Manavendrananda Avt.

It seems to me that many important questions which we ask as children and young adults go unanswered. Unfortunately, all too often, we stop asking these questions and move on into the busy and consuming demands of daily life. In teaching meditation classes, I always encourage my students to never, ever stop asking questions. Answers will surely come eventually if we are persistent.

One important, ultimate question I remember asking as a very young boy (in a strict Protestant Christian setting) is whether God allows free will or instead in His omnipotent and omniscient capacity has merely pre-determined all of life. The latter looks pretty boring, at least to me. The former seems to raise all kinds of questions as to who is really in charge of this universe. Reconciling these two opposing views is one of life's questions which I believe deserves an answer.

There are some very curious points to note here. For example, if the universe is not deterministic how have the famous prophets and psychics been able to accurately predict future events? How do prophetic dreams and pre-cognition happen? Though rare, these do occur! Yet, at every minute we also appear to act in ways which exercise our freedom of individual will.

At a recent discussion after Dharmacakra in Sydney, I asked those present which of these two views were accepted in Ananda Marga philosophy. All possible options were proposed -- free will, determinism, and both. Which is the best answer?

For clarity and ease of discussion, please let me use some very general definitions. By 'free will', I mean the ability at any point for a person to independently decide their next course of action. By 'determinism', I mean that everything in the Universe to the finest detail is proceeding according to a grand plan set out by God.

In Nama'mi Krs'n'asundaram, Baba has given some wonderful answers to this intriguing issue. Please consider the following quotes:

*"Prapatti means complete surrender. The inner spirit of Prapatti is that whatever is taking place in the universe is all due to the Cosmic Will. Had Parama Purus'a (Supreme Consciousness) willed otherwise, things would have been different. Hence the Cosmic Will is at the root of each and every action. Thus we should say: 'O Lord! Thy will be done. I am a machine. Utilize this machine in any way You like. I am nothing but a mere tool in your hands.' This is the spirit of Prapattiva'da."*  
NKS p. 28

*"Krsna said: 'You have the right to action but not the right to the fruits of action. ... Do your Karma for you have an inalienable right to your Karma. ... You are human. Simply look upon Karma as a veritable expression of Brahma (Supreme Consciousness) and do as much Karma as you can.'"* NKS p. 36 and 37

*"All these things, the body, mind and Self, are His gifts. Had He willed otherwise, they would not have existed. Without Cosmic Desire, nothing can exist -- nothing can move, not even a blade of grass. So, in accordance with the spirit of Prapatti, we can say that 'He has been kind enough to provide the body, mind and Atman (Soul) -- these instruments to be utilized for work only. Hence, using these, I follow the spirit of Prapatti (complete surrender)."* NKS p. 38

*"Human beings cherish thousands of desires in their hearts but those desires generally remain unfulfilled because the waves of individual human desires do not maintain parallelism with the waves of the Cosmic desire."*  
NKS p. 42

*Krsna said to Arjuna: "Things are already planned and predestined by Me. I have already planned everything out in my mind. You are just an instrument. ... Leaving aside or giving up all objects, accept only Me as your refuge. I will rid you of all your sins. You need not worry. ... Stop running after your desires...Follow Me. Take Me as your final resort. Come to Me and increase your love for Me. ... Develop love and attachment for Me. Rush to Me, I am ready to receive you on My lap. ... Forgetting all other things, forgetting*

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*your desires and aspirations, come to Me....Take shelter in Me. ... You need not worry about anything. I will do everything for you. Just move along your path and surrender to Me." NKS pp.43-46*

*"Whatever hopes and desires people cherish in their hearts find fulfillment when they are in perfect accord with the blissful flow of Parama Purus'a... Nothing comes out of the wishes of human beings unless they are backed by the wish of Parama Purus'a." NKS p. 46*

So it seems the answer is not a simple one! We are surely free to act, but not without some limitations of Cosmic purpose. Importantly, we should always remember that our actions will bear fruit. This fruit ripens and falls (on us) according to processes which we do not have control over.

In trying to understand how these two views can coexist, I have arrived at a metaphor of the Cosmos as a river. A river whose length, width and depth might be all creation within infinite time. Within this vast river, all individual beings are moving. From our relative perspective, it appears to us that we can move freely. However, from a Cosmic perspective we are bound within the vast current of Cosmic desire which contains this entire created Universe.

Importantly, this philosophical view holds some exciting implications and prospects. Practically, I find this outlook provides a basis for an undying optimism in life. In the face of today's personal, social and global crises, we can draw strength from this God-centered concept that "All is proceeding according to Divine Will." As an expansive and positive affirmation, such a view will broaden our emotional, mental and spiritual horizons.

Further, we have before us a concept of a vast, universal flow with which we may individually come to move in ever greater harmony. This concept is actually a very pure expression of Taoist philosophy. Do you know the passage in Baba Taiwan (p. 94) where Baba explains that the word, 'Tao' comes from Old Chinese 'Taota' which is nothing other than the Sanskrit word, 'Tantra'? So you see, all Ananda Margis are not only tantrikas but also Taoists! We are discovering a beautiful, essential, harmonious flow which lies hidden within this glorious universe.

So what is a wise person to do? Baba has suggested we practice the spirit of Prapatti. That is--complete surrender.

Through the assiduous use of our practice of spiritual ideation (Madhuvidya or second lesson) we may all - family men and women and those in monastic life - gradually expand our ego-centric outlook as we embrace the God-centered spirit of prapatti, complete surrender.

It is a spiritual fact that this universe will try to bind us through the association of our sense of self or ego with our actions, our life, and this charming, beautiful world of friends and family, joys and sorrows, successes and defeats.

In Ananda Marga, we seek to harmonize the spirit of action, that is vigorous activity, with our God-centered outlook that all is in the hands of the Great, surrendering both the attachment of doership and the desire for the fruits of our efforts.

This to me is the beautiful struggle of spiritual life - the gradual growth from self-centered outlook to selfless service - from the bondage of ego to the bliss of surrender before the Infinite One. As said in the Bible: "Not my will be done, but Thine".

I remember well the huge adjustment I went through as I left a successful career and prepared to enter monastic life as an Ananda Marga acharya. From this I learned a great secret in life. I saw that in my life I had always been working with the idea that I was the cause of my success, I had done this or that, I... I... I... What I thought was my life, my career, my possessions, my this, my that--was all being given up. On what then would my sense of existence be based?

Now each time I sing Guru Puja, I find the answer to this question....."Tava Dravyam' Jagad Guro, Tubhyameva Samarpaye", ..... "Everything of this created world is your wealth, O dispeller of darkness, and unto You and You alone, I surrender my all."



# An Unexpected Blessing

Manorainjana

Since taking initiation in Ananda Marga sadhana I have felt an intense urgency. I had to rush towards Baba. There was no time to lose. Sometimes I've wondered why and I've seen similar doubts cloud the minds of those close to me. Yet by His Grace I've kept running, like a man about to miss his train, after Baba. Well Baba's leaving us so unexpectedly has shown it was worth the head long rush.

I had felt for the last couple of years that I would never get PC. Whenever I was in India I was told to try some other time, but that time never seemed to come. Baba and those around Him were always too busy to have time for the little ones.

I had accepted this and decided that just to catch sight of His beautiful form was enough. Intellectually I knew that the chase was now to be largely an internal one but I still felt so attracted to His physical presence.

Because this pull was so strong, on my return from India in January 1990, I immediately resolved to get back there as soon as possible. To encourage me Baba came to me in some sweet dreams. In one dream I was crying because I could not touch Him and He sweetly told me, "Everything will be okay."

Only now do I realise the import of His words. He was promising me His touch before He left. So my trip to Calcutta in October turned out to be the sweetest and saddest of times. Here I will try to tell you all a little about what happened, but to be honest there was so much going on at so many levels that it is impossible to present

anything more than an overview of events.

When I arrived in Tiljala I felt Baba's presence so strongly, the air was electric with a terrific energy. As I made my way to the Suva room I had two significant experiences. Firstly, as I walked into the main building, Dada Ratneshvarananda asked me if I had had PC (personal contact) with Baba. I said, "No." He assured me that I would get it this time. I felt confused and elated. Then as I trudged up the many stairs to our office I heard my wife, Tarani, on tape, singing kiirtana - Baba was reminding me, and not for the last time during my stay, that I was a family man.

The promise of PC was renewed on entering the office. To get it I had to take the LFT exam. So I started studying.

I was sleeping on the roof overlooking Baba's quarters. One morning I got up at about 4.30 and after bathing began singing and dancing kiirtana. The sun had not yet risen but the horizon was glowing red. About my head a number of flies began to buzz. I tried to shoo them away but they persisted so I ignored them and kept singing. They didn't bother me. I soon realized that they were singing kiirtana with me. As I moved so did they. They were suspended about my head like the stars around the head of a saint in a medieval icon. Their only movement was to keep in time with me. We were all singing for the Lord! Next morning I was not the first one up and when I returned from my bath I saw the same flies dancing in a similar way around the head of

the brother who had been first for the bath. It was a strangely beautiful sight.

My study went well as I had trained as an LFT in 1988. I felt internally that Baba was giving me a lot of attention. He was allowing me, this time, to tie up loose ends in my relationship with him. These opportunities arose as a series of dramas.

Firstly, I had my LFT exam. There was a large group of us. Nearly thirty Indians and about ten Westerners. While I was waiting in the crowd the thought suddenly came to me, "What if he asks if I am married?" The answer was obviously no. Anyway, some time went by and the Westerners were called out. It came to be my turn to be questioned.

I was asked my name and age, then Dada Mantreshvarananda asked me if I was married. Out of my mouth came the word: "Yes!" I was shocked. He looked at me quietly then said that he had never asked that question of an LFT candidate before. He asked me why he had asked it now? I shrugged and sheepishly told him it was Baba, and that He had put the very same question in my mind ten minutes earlier. Anyway, I had failed.

I was really clashed. I couldn't speak much. It was evening at the time so I went to bed. People around me tried to console me, saying that I would get another chance. It was rather funny really, but at the time I could do no more than raise a wry smile. I felt a real urgency.

Through this clash Baba was once again reminding me that I was married. At times I still thought very much like an LFT and secretly harboured a desire to be sanniyasin. In this way Baba was making me take the householder commitment more seriously.

The next day Baba worked on another unfinished story. During my last visit to India I had the opportunity to touch Baba's feet but had failed to do so out of a mixture of shame, fear and a negative conditioning to propriety - not wishing to force myself into someone else's space.

This time Baba arranged a replay of the event. During darshan, I found myself sitting at His feet. Only three or four feet separated us. I was to dance kaoshikii and tandava but never got the opportunity because 79 new avadhutas and avadhutikas wanted to garland Baba.

Baba became angry at the waste of time and rushed them through. It was a very funny sight seeing them all trying to do pranam to Baba. PA, who was collecting the garlands, was almost hidden by the mass of flowers. I could see him secretly smiling behind them. The air was thick with their scent. Once the rush was over Baba launched straight into a discourse. He was saving my dancing for a more auspicious occasion.

Still, I had a front seat. At this time Baba blessed me with the ability to concentrate only on Him. His form and grace saturated my mind and being for more than an hour as He spoke to the crowd. And, as if acknowledging me He would often look, glance or point at me as He spoke. I can still feel His dark brown eyes upon me now.

Anyway, the discourse ended and Baba prepared to leave. I saw my opportunity and slid towards Him in full pranam. My hands glided under His feet and lingered there, only to be pushed away by PA. I didn't need to touch Him. The drama was complete.

Devotees must throw caution and inhibition to the wind when with the Guru. They must be shameless in seeking His attentions.

On festive occasions Baba gives a special mudra. I had only received one once before even though this was my fourth trip to India. This had often upset me. This time Baba arranged for me to dance for Him on just such a festival. Diipavali: the festival of light. I sat, once again, right in front of Him. He was so beautiful. Seated on blue satin embroidered with deep pink roses. He wore a pink shirt and His skin glowed a rich gold. He was in fine spirits and talked animatedly and merrily with us.

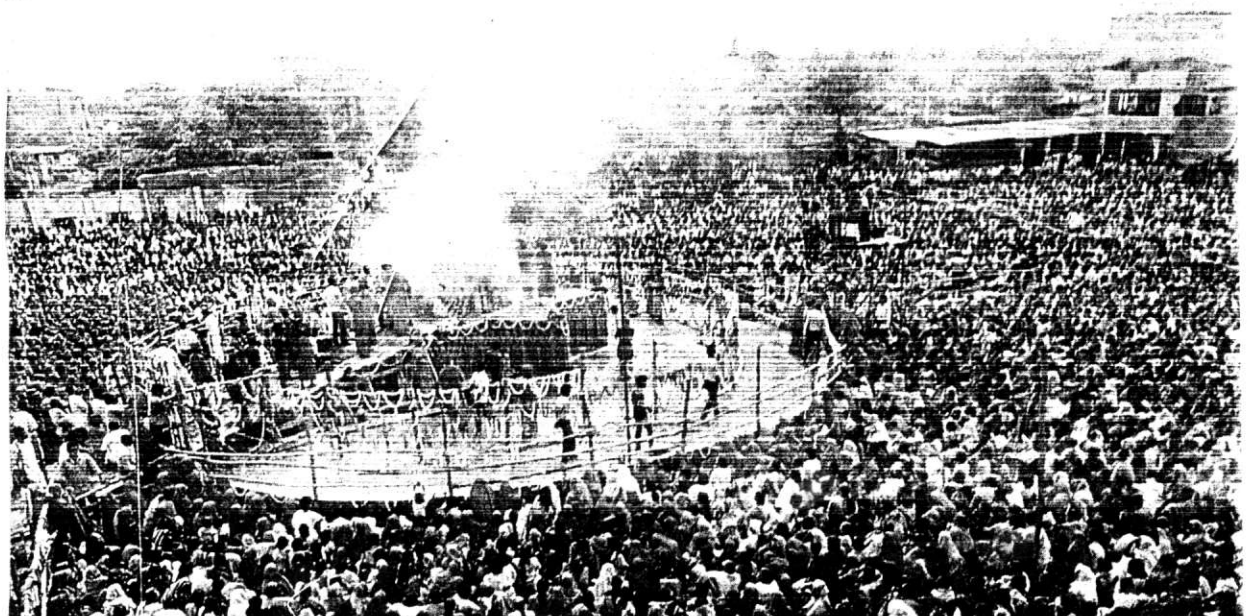
Then He blessed us and gave the mudra. His hands moved like a lotus opening and I felt a wrenching at my heart.

The ache was permanent for the rest of my stay, becoming quite painful during sadhana. So much love.

This festival was on Wednesday the 17th. I was pretty high during the following days and put most of my time into sadhana or study. I was to sit the next LFT exam on Saturday. This was Brothers' Day and the sisters had invited us to their campus for lunch.

At around 9am the exam candidates waited outside Baba's quarters, a little later we were let into the exam room - which doubled as the darshan hall on Sundays. I started to do sadhana. A feeling of certainty came over me. Baba's vibration was so strong. I felt sure that today I would get PC.

An hour or so later the examiner, Dada Mantresh-varananda, arrived. He began interviewing the Indian brothers but it soon became apparent that something was wrong. He was scolding them all. After a while the Westerners were called out the front. I was first. After the formalities of name and age he asked me to show him my study notes. They turned out to be the wrong ones! They weren't the 'real' LFT notes. FAILED. All of us had failed!



**15,000 Devotees Observe the Shradhdhanjali Ceremony**



Such drama. I was called to the front again and asked if I was prepared to stay in Tiljala campus until I had passed the exam. This might take weeks. I said yes. Then he asked me to surrender my passport as proof of my sincerity. Unfortunately this was not in the country, it had been accidentally taken to Singapore amongst a lot of other documents from our office safe! Anyway he was appeased as it was obvious I was going nowhere fast.

After the others had made a similar promise and had surrendered their passports we were told to stay put and left alone. Half an hour later we were taken to the sisters' campus for the Brothers' Day ceremony and lunch. The ceremony was beautifully simple: some kiirtana, a little sadhana and then we were all anointed on the forehead with sandalwood paste.

After lunch we were escorted back to Baba's quarters. Not long after this we were led downstairs. Waiting outside His door my heart beat fast and I tried to ideate. We were asked a few more questions. I was still first in line so it was I who was first shown into Baba's room. The door snapped shut behind me and I was alone with the Lord.

I immediately did sastaunga pranam. I was surprised that I was totally alone with Baba. The serenity of the room washed over me. My peripheral vision contracted until all I saw was Baba. He was sitting on a couch like a little mountain. He smiled graciously and asked me to come and sit on the mat at His feet. From this position, His mountain-ness was even more marked. It was like looking up at the Eiger.

Over the years PCs had become highly formalized. Name, posting, acarya, age, qualifications, oath, blessing. This was the recipe Baba followed but He allowed considerable freedom within the rigid structure. He stopped at qualifications, I have an Honours Degree in History, and talked for at least 10 minutes, questioning me on the areas of history I had studied, about archaeology, and about language. Throughout this I kept answering the questions but really my mind was preoccupied only with Him. It was filled with love and awe.

I felt that really Baba was just playing for time. This extra time was His secret blessing, His gift to me. How lucky I was. I rarely appreciate how lucky I am, even now I so often tend to forget.

Anyway Baba talked and I gave Him short answers. Later I found out that people were getting anxious outside, wondering why He was taking so long.

Baba asked me if I had committed any ommissional or commissional sins. I said, "Yes." He made me cross my hands over my heart and He placed His hand firmly on top of my head. It was a long oath. I said it in a daze. All I could really feel was the weight of His hand on my head. I can still feel it now! Then He asked me to hold out my hand. He raised His cane fiercely but tapped my palm gently five or six times.

As I rose to leave, He hit me with a beaming grin. It was charged with so much love I fell out of the room and immediately sat for meditation. Tears were streaming down my face. It was only later that I realized I had forgotten to do sastaunga pranam as I left. I knew Baba didn't mind. The next day, at about the same time, Baba left the planet.

This was a strange time. The day after PC I was allowed back into His room. I did sastaunga pranam to His peaceful form and walked around Him. My mind kept thinking that he was tricking us all.

#### Prabhat Samgiita # 2085

TUMI ESECHILE, KAUKA NA' BOLE  
NA' JA'NIYE GELE CALE.  
MOR ARO GIITI CHILO GA'OYA'  
A'RO CHA'NDE TALE.

BHABITE PA'RINI A'MI EBHA'BE  
A'SIBE TUMI  
EMNI YABE YE CALE  
ANKHI JALE MORE PHELE

DHARA'R DHULITE YATA,  
PHUL PHOTE SATA SATA  
TA'DER KORAKA TALE  
DIYE GELE MADHU DHELE

You came without telling anybody  
and without informing anybody You departed.  
I had so many more songs, in so many rhythms, to sing to You.  
But without telling anybody You departed.

I could never have imagined that You would come to me like this.  
And that You would suddenly leave like this -  
leaving me amidst so many flows of tears.

In however much dust there is on this earth,  
thousands & thousands of flowers bloom out of that dust.  
Into the inner-most core of each of those flowers  
You poured infinite sweet nectar.

My heart was full of the stifled cry that shook the Dhyana Mandir when GS broke the news to the crowd.

As I stood at Baba's feet, I saw of glimmer of light on His face but when I looked again it was gone. At this point I knew He was not tricking and that we were all at the beginning of a new era. That evening everyone felt terribly lost. The darkness of night was mirrored in our hearts.

The following days passed in a haze. Huge preparations were under way for Baba's cremation and Tiljala became jammed with devotees who had come, almost overnight, from the four corners of the globe to pay their last respects.

On Friday the 26th Baba's body was laid upon a pyre of sandalwood and cremated. It was a beautiful ceremony. Before the pyre was lit a flock of doves flew round and round overhead.

Then the smoke began to fill the air. An acrid sweetness filled the compound as the sandalwood mixed with the ghee that fed the flames.

I wouldn't have been anywhere else in the world that day. As I waited for the flames to rise I had a clear vision of Baba in the happiest of moods. He was happy to be free from the body and proud of us. His children, proud of the dignity and restraint which pervaded the cremation ceremony.

Baba hasn't left us. Being free of the body He can now become totally ours, internally ours. And, being free from this world His mission is freed to do what He designed it to do. He didn't want people to come to the organization because of Him. He wanted to attract through the ideology, through the work of the organization. This is why over the years He had become increasingly distant from us.

In the past I have felt an ache when people have spoken of their intimate times with Baba. He has blessed so many of us in so many ways. To have shared this planet with Him, to have heard of Him, to have read His words, is a blessing, to practice His sadhana is a blessing, to have seen Him is a blessing, to have been touched by Him is a blessing. Whatever the blessing, it brings with it a degree of responsibility and this also is a blessing. So, in being blessed we are motivated. For me, I feel an overwhelming debt to Baba for having shared a fraction of His time with me. And I feel secure in the knowledge that because He wants me to work for Him. He will be keeping an eye on me to make sure that I do.



# Mahaprayan

Giita

I was in India in December and January of 1990. When I arrived in Tiljaia, I raced to see Baba as usual and saw him coming out of His room before going upstairs. I was very close to Him and I felt overwhelmed with gratitude that He had brought me near to His physical presence once more. I felt, as always, that I could never ever get enough of that experience - being there with Him. That was the evening. The next morning, He went to hospital and was away for three weeks.

In response to this situation, I determined to find Him internally, assisted by the sweet vibration of his proximity. I set myself the goal of eight hours sadhana each day and, mostly, I managed to fulfil this. My experience was mixed. Sometimes I was wading through internal mud - just sheer hard struggle to maintain mantra and some degree of ideation. But, by His Grace, I was also often deeply immersed in His blissful presence, enjoying Him and serving Him wholeheartedly. I enjoyed my time as a Yogi-devotee, spending my whole time just for Him and spiritual pursuits.

The end of my stay was marked by the death of our beloved Auntie, Didi Ananda Bharatiji. That was a momentous spiritual occasion and, for me, one of my greatest experiences.

My last day in India was one I will treasure for the rest of my life.

I saw Baba in His garden in the morning, from the best and closest possible vantage point, perched on top of a ladder at the gate at the far end of His garden walk. At the gate, He stood and talked with those with Him for 10 minutes. The morning sunlight made His skin gleam and flash. He turned and laughed and smiled

and talked animatedly. I saw Him from every angle. I was drinking His physical presence in like nectar, enjoying Him fully and I held the distinct feeling He knew my happiness and He did not want to leave from there either.

That night, to be my last sight of Him, was strange. I was doing sadhana while waiting for Him to come. But when He came my ideation in sadhana was so strong I could not move. Sisters were calling my name to get up, to take the position I had prepared to see Him from. It was as though there was an



iron hand holding me down - and I heard Him telling me not to move, to go deeper. So I sat and He took me closer to Him than I had ever been before - to His blissful spiritual presence, full of blazing pure white light and His softness and all embracing love. Only after several hours could I move. That was His farewell gift to me.

After all this time, I have come to realize that He was preparing me for His physical departure - and showing me very directly what is possible through internal pursuit of Him.

Ten months later, upon the news of His departure from His physical body, I was to return

again, for my final glimpse of Him. I left my home on the day I heard the news and the next day I was flying to India.

I saw Baba's body lying shrouded in white silk with only head and feet for us to caress with our eyes - while minds and hearts hungrily took in every minute detail of His form. So beautiful He was in death, as alive - though it shocked the mind to see Him like that. Almost like a stone carving - colour sort of greyish, instead of the vibrant golden light which usually emanated from Him.

We were allowed to go into the room next to His bedroom where He was lying and walk around His body which had a glass case completely covering it. He was surrounded by the most beautiful purple orchids. His expression was awesome - sweet and grand and strong. At His feet, we could do pranam, and then go out.

I went in five times before His cremation. Each time, I went through many emotions and inner experiences. And afterwards, when I would do sadhana outside, I would have the most exquisite experiences of Him. The vibration was intense. I could not believe it. In fact, I and everyone seemed to be so restrained. It was as though Baba was soothing and calming and holding everyone. I could feel these things myself and I know I wanted to be as He would want - dignified. But now and then my grief expressed, but it was not excessive at all.

The cremation itself was so wonderful. It is something I will always remember and think of as the most tantric experience of my life. How He brought me there was His Grace - I feel so blessed to have been there. I know it was His desire.



The whole thing was organized so beautifully - the dais in the middle of the Tiljala circle (where the ostriches were) was in the shape of a Pratik with a brick ramp leading up to it.

The Avadhutas who performed the ceremonies connected with the actual placing and burning of the body seemed to be performing their roles with wonderful form - like ancient Vedic priests. Beautiful sitar music played, amazing sanskrit slokas and mantras were sung in deep ringing tones. And later, when the flames were burning, the kiirtan being sung was without doubt the most divine and heartfelt that I have ever heard. The rhythms seemed to me to take their lead from the flames themselves, which danced and danced hypnotically as they consumed that beautiful body. I had an affinity with those flames and loved them for performing their dharma before so many agonised witnesses.

This Vanii was read at the beginning. Its message helped uplift my mind:

"If you want to see me, do my Mission because I am merged with my Mission. I am not this physical body, this physical body is not me. I am merged in your hearts and you are in Mine. Only devotion can demand my physical presence."

I realized I can never lose Him, as I have Him within. He has taught me how to reach Him and will guide me to realize Him fully as my deep desire grows.

I felt as though all His devotees everywhere were like the gopis of Krs'n'a's time. We were part of His Hari Pari Mandala Gosthi - only I was His Radha and He was my Vraja Krs'n'a and we were dancing together the divine rasa. Baba, in my mind, was touching everyone and dancing wildly with all His devotees that day. I had many exquisite visualizations. It

lasted fully 6 hours - the last flames died after dark. The sky was amazing. I sat perfectly transfixed that whole time.

After hours of sitting in this internal play with Him, experiencing the amazing spiritual vibration, inhaling that precious smoke, feeling purified and radiant with love for Him, I was ready to express that love. So when kiirtan began to play and people rose to dance, I leapt to my feet and my heart and mind surged upwards to Him and I began to dance with great enjoyment. His beautiful laliita - enjoying the movement of the body and the feeling of my feet in that sacred dust. It seemed every particle of dust and matter, animate and inanimate, in that sacred circle had been consecrated and dedicated to love Him forever.

The dance itself was ecstatic and I wanted to continue in its flow always. By His Grace, I will.



# Prabhat Samgiita

No. 635

Nandana madhu shuke dukhe bandhu  
A'nkhi pa'te shudhu tumi a'cho  
Vuk bhara' a'sha' priiti bha'loba'sha'  
Sav bha'sha' kere niyecho  
Tumi sav bha'sha' kere niyecho.

Pra'n dhele dii toma'ri saka'she  
Hiya niunga'riya' madhura praka'she  
Ka'npete shuni a'ka'she va'ta'she  
Kata katha' kaye calecho  
Tumi kata katha' kaye calecho.

Sav dyotana'y sav cetana'y  
Renu traysrenu maha'niilima'y  
Niirandhra tame smita jyotsna'y  
Rikta hiya'y tumi ra'jo  
Tumi rikta hiya'y tumi ra'jo.

Oh, sweet one You are in all things - pleasure and pain,  
I have eyes only for You,  
You fill my heart with hope, delight and love.  
But You have caught my tongue.

I surrender my life to You,  
You squeeze from my heart the last drops of sweetness,  
If I listen hard I can hear You in the sky and air,  
You are constantly talking.

You are all things,  
You are in each speck of dust in the vast blue above,  
You fill the darkness like moonlight,  
You are even in my broken heart.

# His Grace Continues

Ramakrs'na

It all began when the car broke down at the end of a road deep in the forest, and after the long walk out I saw that the decision had been made to again travel to India to see Baba. Also to visit Ananda Nagar; but mainly, to see Him. And it was possible, so I went.

The thought of P.C. wasn't even in my head at all, but a few days after arriving at Tiljala, that was suddenly all happening and arrangements were being made . . . "You can have P.C. with Baba this Saturday!"

But first it was learning and revising and reviewing and testing of points and shillas and principles and rules and . . . then the exams. Late Friday night, then the next morning. The final, very difficult question from Dada Vijayananda. "You've been here before, haven't you?" - "Yes, Dada." - "Pass!"

We waited that afternoon - long sadhana in the darshan hall in Baba's quarters. Outside, the unseasonal rain fell; soft and soft into Baba's green garden; inside we were cocooned near to Him.

And then I was called down the stairs, to the room outside of Baba's room. Baba's door . . . P. A.'s hands upon my shoulders . . . other hands . . . Go . . . no . . . now - go. Inside, the door clicks behind.

Sastanga Pranam . . . and then, "Come close, sit here." So close, upon small carpet mats. His features are so fine.

He asks my name. Where am I from, and then: "And do you know Tasmania?" "A little, Baba", I say. And He smiles, which is just perfect.

Presently, He says: "There is a clash between individual interest and collective interest - which will you choose?" And as I answer, although beginning in doubt, I see again that collective interest is what is to be done by me.

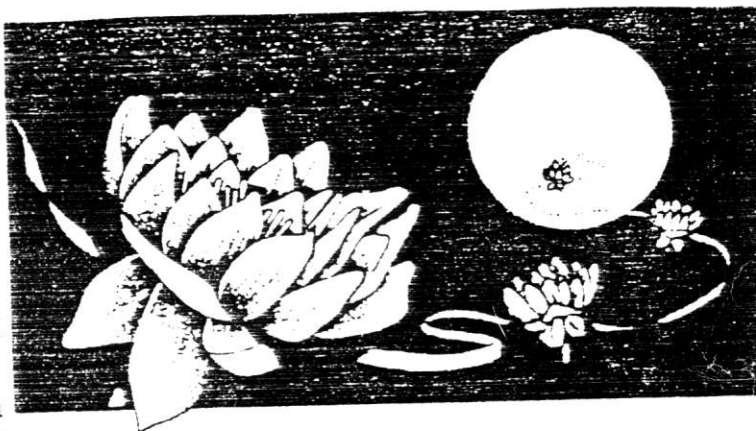
for happiness.

Later He asks: "Should I give punishment for mistakes of commission and omission." I remember the blessing of Guru's touch, "Yes, Baba." "Hold out your palm." He says. His arm upstretches. I wait for the swift stroke of the cane but there comes instead the lightest of two taps across my fingers.

And all the while, for me, there arises a sense of something which is devotion. Not from within the little unit me. The feelings fill up the room like a small cloud. They just come. My attention is so full to Him. In the most human way, He is living, alive, alight . . . Guru, so fine. And He is so beautifully, honestly, humanly, informal.

But it is soon time, and I prepare to leave. His last words to me - "And smile a little!"

His Grace continues.



# He Came in My Dream . . . .

I was travelling in the Honda and the engine blew up. I was feeling desperate and terribly alone. I remember feeling great pain and separation at the loss of You, Ba'ba', in Your recent death. I was feeling that life is so hard and now You are really gone. Why does life have to be so hard?

I was afraid to go home and didn't know which way to turn, so I hitched to Ananda Palli and went to the Ashram. When I opened the door, Ba'ba' was there in His physical body.

I ran to Him crying, "Ba'ba'. Ba'ba' You've come back. You haven't left after all." Ba'ba' said, "No, my daughter, I had to return. Your tears of sadness and pain are so strong."

He led me into the sadhana room and set me on His lap and began to tell me about devotion. The only thing I can remember is Ba'ba' saying, "Devotion comes from and through the heart. Open your heart and feel Me there."

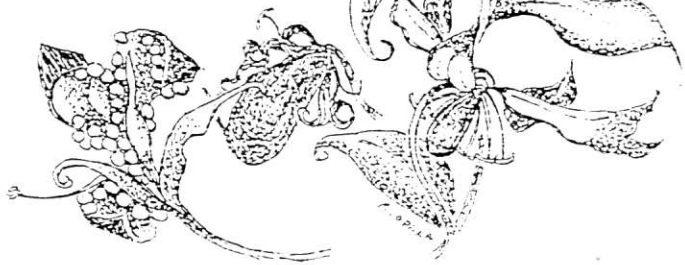


He started to fade and I cried out mournfully, "Baba, please Ba'ba', don't leave me again. I can't bear the pain." Ba'ba' reappeared and said, "I already told you once. I am in your heart and there I will always be." He touched my heart and faded. I woke sobbing great tears and feeling very blessed.

This dream reminded me of the time I went to India when Kavita was a baby. I was

constantly refused any kind of physical nearness to Ba'ba'. In great desperation, I found Him in my sadhana one night saying, "I'm not just a physical body, the real Me is in your heart. Look for me there, for there I will always be."

## Bhavanii

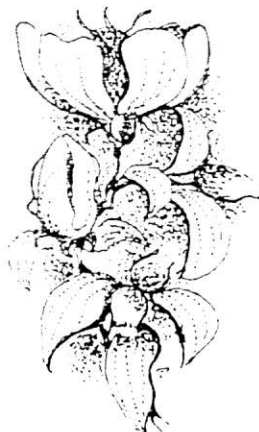


It was around October 16th or 17th. I dreamed that I was in India seated with some other Margis around one Dada whom I love very much. We were weeping and weeping. Such pain and such loss. And Dada kept saying to us over and over again: "Don't worry. He will never leave you. . . He will never leave you!"

I awoke very disturbed with the internal feeling that the dream was very important but without knowing why.

A few days later Lord left His physical form and I understood.

## Guru Charan



I was standing in a group of four or five of Baba's devotees. We were surrounding Him. I stood very close to Him, perhaps only one foot from Him. He was wearing a grey shirt.

His hands opened into the Varabhaya mudra and He stayed in that form for a very long time. Strong vibrations washed over me and I fell to the ground in samadhi.

Immediately I awoke from my sleep and did dhyana. About two hours later, I woke again with the memory of the dream and the resolve to remember it. That was the night of October 21.

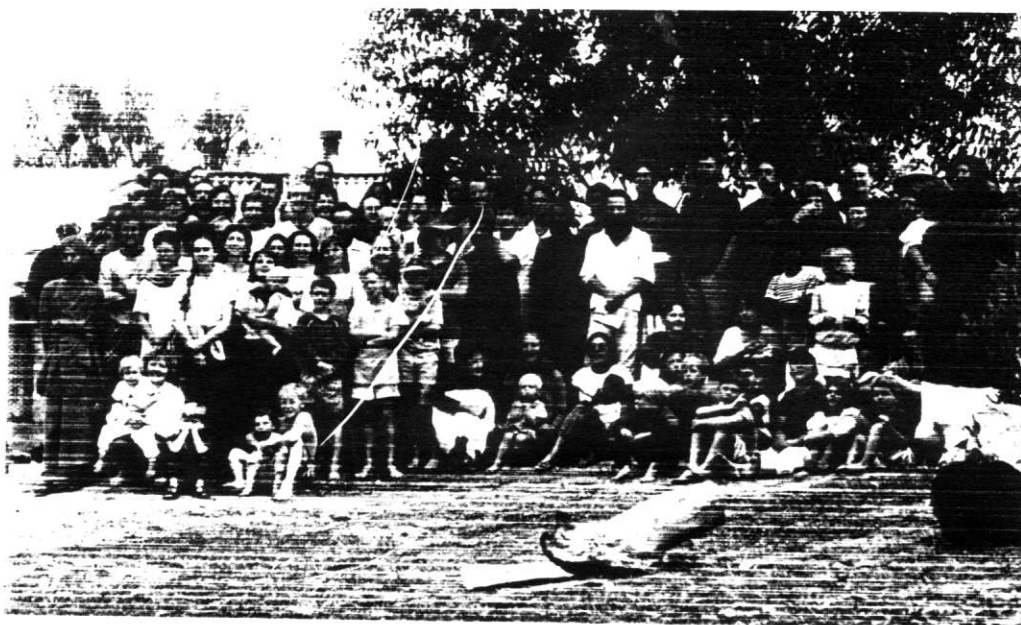
In the morning, the news came of His physical departure and, suddenly, His nocturnal visit to my side seemed all the more precious.

## Jayanti



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## Suva Sector - On Camera



**January 1991 UKK Sectorial Conference**



**Melbourne Sadabrata Food Distribution**

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## News Around the Sector

January and February are busy times for Suva Sector. During the Down to Earth Festival our AMURT Canteen served up delicious meals almost round the clock for six days. Net results yielded nearly \$8,000 to be used in support of the Amurt/el projects in Burkina Faso and Ghana. These projects receive matching funds from the Australian government.

Immediately following, our tenth annual Ananda Mela Festival was held at the Ananda Palli Integral Development Centre in Queensland. More than 250 adults and 60 children attended what was by all accounts the most blissful Mela ever. Over 45 new people learned Ananda Marga meditation and 4 brothers and 3 sisters entered LFT training.

Just after the Mela, our biannual UKK retreat was held. The highlight of this year's retreat was the dedication of a newly reconstructed main dharmacakra hall. Just before the Ananda Mela, a storm destroyed the old hall. Dada Krsnasivananda, Dada Jayeshvarananda, Dada Rtabuddhananda, Viveka Pfeiffer along with a host of dedicated Bhukti Pradhans, WT's and volunteers mounted a marathon construction effort which brought a beautiful and extended hall into shape in time for the UKK akhanda kiirtan.

Elsewhere in the sector, the construction brigade has now been shifted to Perth on the west coast of Australia. Dada Jayeshvaranda, Dada Krsnapremananda and our newly posted RS, Dada Diipendra are now hard at work on a jagrti beautification project for the Perth Jagrti.

Melbourne and Perth are managing very successful food distribution programmes which combined serve over 100 meals each week.

The appeal of Tim Anderson will be heard in May with a decision expected in June. During the third week of February, ABC radio aired an extensive programme which presented in great detail the gaping holes and inconsistencies in evidence presented against Tim and Ananda Marga.

Two Margiis from Sydney, Utpala & Phil, who were brutally attacked while proceeding to Ananda Nagar are back in Australia and are recovering well. Nationwide television featured the story of the two who were nearly killed by Communist thugs when they accidentally disembarked at the station just before Ananda Nagar. The Australian Government Foreign Affairs department has promised to act on our behalf in filing a formal complaint against the West Bengal government. We have also had interest in the case expressed by the prestigious 60 Minutes programme of ABC television.

Several workers from Suva Sector are visiting various other Pacific islands in the next two months as we spread Ananda Marga and Baba's Mission across the Pacific Ocean.

Finally, we want to give our warmest welcome and Namaskar to newly posted workers who have recently arrived in our sector -- Dada Diipendra, Dada Jyotiprakash, Dada Alokanda, Dada Nandikeshvarananda, Didi Mainjusa and Didi Vitaraga.

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## *The First Experience*

*While playing on that first spring night  
I garlanded You, my Lord.  
Alas! I could not know then  
That my heart would remain forever changed.  
I stayed alone for many days  
Recalling the memory of that night.  
It dances in my heart through every moment  
Ah! How can I forget the first experience of love?  
All my love, my hopes and my desires  
I have offered at Your lotus feet.  
In the evening of my life, dear  
Lord,  
Come to me and take me to your breast.  
In this entire universe  
Only You are the owner of my soul.*

*Acarya Satyaparananda Att*

# How I Found Baba

Narada Muni

As a young teenager, my life revolved around sports, especially surfing and I enjoyed a lot of success in all the sports I tried. For most teenagers of my age, this type of success was completely satisfying, yet for me it wasn't - I wanted something more.

So, in a search for more satisfaction, I got involved in alcohol and drug abuse. However, this eventually made my life even more empty and meaningless. I also noticed the detrimental effects which they had on me and which later hindered my spiritual progress.

Generally, I noticed that whenever I experienced a lot of happiness, it was also followed by unhappiness. All this led me to feel that there must be a deeper and more satisfying way of life.

I developed an interest in yoga and meditation. They seemed to offer an experience which might be more meaningful and lasting than my present life experiences.

While feeling the need to give up drugs, I started attending a Yoga (asana) class and later a 'meditation' class (although it was really just concentration). But somehow, these did not satisfy me. I felt that there was something greater and deeper than this.

I started searching book shops for material on meditation, but nothing seemed 'right'. Finally, one day the instructor of my class told me a teacher from India was coming to give a talk at the 'meditation' class. I was excited.

I still remember waiting anxiously for that Friday night. He was late and I wondered if he would come. Suddenly the door flung open and in came pleased my parents greatly seeing that my nature and literacy were improving. Later in

this bright orange figure, full of life and vitality. It was Ac Sumitananda Avt and he had been in Australia for about 6 months to start up Ananda Marga. This was his first trip to Perth.

Dada talked about only spiritual happiness, and not worldly happiness, giving true happiness and that meditation was the way to achieve it.

The next night he gave another talk and then said he was holding a weekend retreat. A weekend of real meditation! But there was a condition: one must be 'initiated' into his meditation. I was overjoyed. I finally felt I would be learning true meditation and then spending a weekend meditating with a highly elevated spiritual teacher.

I asked Dada if I could get initiated. He seemed a bit surprised that a young 17 year-old wanted initiation. Dada asked if I was sure that I wanted it and I said firmly that I did. After some thought, he agreed. Much to my delight!

The following Monday afternoon, after work, was set for the time of my initiation. Dadaji was staying in the house of a couple who had been initiated in India and who also attended the yoga and meditation classes which I did. They had given me the wrong street number and so when I searched for their house, I found it did not exist.

I was disappointed but philosophical, thinking that I was not meant to learn meditation from Dada. Turning to go home I noticed a bright orange figure come out of a shop. It was Dadaji.

On the 20th of November, 1972 at about 5pm (almost the

same time of day that I was born), I was initiated. I knew that this was what I had been looking for.

That evening, I felt sick and collapsed onto the floor of my house. Later I learnt that if the initiation is right, a very strong pleasant or unpleasant experience will follow, according to one's samskara.

Intuitively, I felt if I drank some warm milk I would be all right. So I dragged myself along the floor to the kitchen and made a warm milk drink. Upon drinking it, I immediately felt better. This was my first experience of Baba helping me.

I had several mystical experiences which soon after initiation aroused my desire to go deeper within. One morning I awoke and for about 2 hours I lay in complete contentment and deep peace. I felt that I could have lain there for the rest of my life. It really affected me. These experiences and others perpetuated an inner desire to experience Him more and more. Worldly joys became less attractive.

After my initiation, I became very keen to study Ananda Marga spiritual philosophy. This was remarkable for me having left school semi-illiterate and only having completely read one book in my life (for my final English exam which, like all my exams, I failed miserably). I just had no interest in school subjects-only sport.

After initiation, I completely gave up all drugs and tamasic foods, including smoking. I also did sadhana twice a day 'without fail' as I wanted to get liberation. This, along with reading Ananda Marga books, was improving. Later in

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my life, my parents wrote statements describing how much they appreciated the positive effects which Ananda Marga had had on me.

While it took me 12 years to see Baba physically, in that time I enjoyed Him many times internally. Each experience gave me more faith, conviction and desire for spirituality. The happiness and depth in life which I had once searched for had been found. By His grace alone He blessed me and continues to do so in so many ways. I only want to experience Him. I love Baba so much.

Thankyou, Baba.

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*This is the first of what will be a regular series featuring stories of beginnings on the Path of Bliss. Please send your story to Pranam. The deadline for the next issue is the first week of April.*

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## *Stay with me*

*Tears of want come to my eyes.  
O Lord, tell me,  
How shall I live when You are gone?  
I sit in my window and watch the sky.  
The moonlight floods the earth.  
Neither rivers nor stars speak with me,  
All remain in silence.  
On this quiet night I sow the seeds of memory,  
And the gentle breeze  
Carries them lightly on its breath.  
They stir my heart  
And will bring me success.  
If I tire along the way,  
Stay with me;  
Grace me with Your blessed touch  
And keep me on Your lap forever.*

*Ac Satyaparananda Avt*



# My Baba

## Cinmay

It is always difficult, even next to impossible, to convey feeling, especially spiritual, with the written word. So what I write here is but a reflection of the true meaning of what My Baba allowed me to experience.

I've always had a fascination with Krs'n'a. His physical form seemed so beautiful and perfect to me and it has only been over the last couple of years that I have developed a 'dream', if you could call it that, of being next to Him or feeling His presence.

When I read *Nam'a mi Krs'n'asundaram*, I could almost feel the love which Baba has for Krs'n'a. When He refers to Krs'n'a as 'My Krs'n'a', to me it is as if He is saying 'My Beloved'. So when I read Baba's book, my heart would sometimes yearn with the desire to be there too.

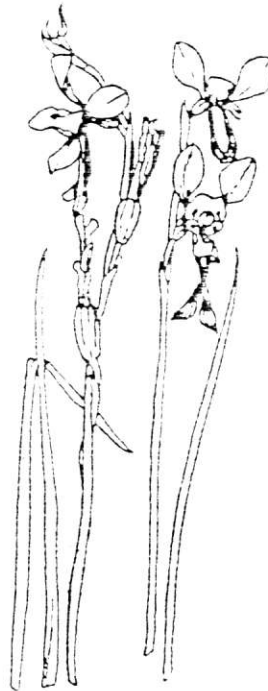
I was attending a Sadhana Shivar at Ananda Palli where aching knees and scattered mind were the order of the day. I was under the assumption that half-kiirtan and half-sadhana alternating all day over a couple of days would somehow leave me enlightened, at least for the next couple of weeks or so. My Baba had other plans, as usual. For 90% of the time I was left feeling, "What in God's name am I doing here?"

Every time I sat for sadhana, my knee caps would open up like two lids and start banging back and forth like two doors in the wind, which of course gave my mind permission to pursue every thought, dream or fantasy it could in 25 minutes, with 5 minutes to spare for sleep from the exhaustion of thinking so much.

This fate seemed to await me every time I sat down, so by the end of the first day I was ready

to take the next available lift back to Brisbane. It felt like Baba was out to get me!

The next day did not shed any light on the matter, in fact, it was raining, literally. All I wanted to do was go home. If E.T. were there, I would have used his phone to call a cab.



I was thinking that if I could surrender it all to Baba I might have a better day - wrong again. After the first couple of hours of pain and my mind feeling like it was on a roller coaster, I was ready to give up and go and sleep the rest of the day away. But part of me said, "No way. You get up and leave and I'll make you feel so guilty you'll never forget this weekend!" I can't remember whether it was Baba or me saying it, but it worked. There was only one more kiirtan and sadhana left before everyone left and I think I had literally just given up - I

felt absolutely nothing - blank, no feelings, nothing.

We had nearly finished the last sadhana when Dada Cittabodhananda called out "Baba!" at the top of his voice. It felt like my mind expanded and rushed through the top of my head. This is where the written word cannot describe what I was experiencing. It was as if Baba had opened wide my chest as the most blissful feelings were passing through me.

We did Guru Puja and Dada was crying and I was crying. Somehow I saw that the hole in my chest was so large, I was inside it and in front of me was Krs'n'a playing His flute, so beautiful. My being melted with every note He played. I remember listening to the talk after Guru Puja and the words of the person talking were the same as the blissful sound from His flute, which seemed to merge in every noise I heard around me. Each note was like a wave that flowed through my heart and soul. My dream had come true. My Krs'n'a was there for me, playing with me, loving me and I could feel He was totally inseparable from Baba.

My Baba had graced me with an experience I will never forget.

It is always at the times you least expect it that Baba will jump out from His hiding place and go, "Boo!". I never give up searching for Him even when it seems like I am never going to find Him, because I know He is waiting ready to get me. It is the best game of hide - and - seek you could possibly imagine.

# A Personal Account of Baba's Passing

Ac Prasiidananda Avt

Baba left His physical body in His home in Tiljala, Calcutta, India, on Sunday afternoon, October 21, 1990. It was a very normal day for Him. He gave personal contacts to one new Wholetimer and four new LFT's. Dadaji Keshavananda, Baba's Personal Assistant, massaged Baba for a short time. Baba seemed very relaxed and rested. Then Baba said, "I have something on my mind. Please leave me for a little while."

A few minutes later Baba rang His bell and Dadaji returned. Baba pointed to His chest and said, "Heart". Two Margii doctors who lived in the jagrti came running and started taking all the necessary steps. Yet Baba left. He stopped breathing and His heart stopped. There had been no pain. Finally, the doctors had to declare that Baba was dead. His physical body was not functioning.

No one believed it. Everyone waited and hoped that Baba would end His Mahasamadhi, the state of indeterminate absorption with the Supreme Consciousness. He was the master of samadhi, the master of pranayama. He looked so blissful and peaceful. The workers waited, but very quickly, within a few hours, they saw that the body was no longer Baba. The body started to change, for the life force was no longer there. It was not sleeping; the body was dead.

The Central workers realized that Baba was not coming back. Acarya Raghunath pointed out that Baba had lived His life in a very natural way. He never broke the laws of nature. Sometimes He did miraculous demonstrations, but only to teach about intuition science, to show a possibility, and only to a very small group. He did it

only as a teacher and never for Himself.

So the Central Committee decided that they had to release the news to the press and inform the Margiis that Baba had left His physical body. They started to call around the world, and we struggled to understand what was going on: "Baba is very sick. Come quick." "I beg your pardon? What? What?" "Just come quickly. Tell all the workers. Anybody in the world that can come should try to come now, before Friday." Still we could not believe it.

He had given a hint to no one. He didn't suggest, ever, that He would leave before the year 2005. Many felt anger. He broke His promise! He cheated us! How could He leave now? We are not ready now!

I came to Calcutta on Tuesday morning, the second day after Baba had left. Already more than three thousand Margiis and workers had come. Many were wandering about in a daze, in a state of shock. I put on my uniform and went to see the body that was on display in His house. The body lay in a glass case over a refrigerator cooler to prevent further retardation. There were so many lovely flowers everywhere. His face looked very charming and sweet, yet the essence was not there.

I looked at the body for a few minutes, then did sastaung pranam and went out. I thought, "Where shall I go?" I wanted to be alone. I walked behind the house into Baba's garden. I looked at the plants, and then suddenly I was crying. These plants would never again see Baba. Never again would Baba gently touch them as He walked past.

Big raindrops started to fall, but I could see no cloud overhead. Was the sky crying for Him, too? The morning sun glowed in each drop that fell at my feet - it was so beautiful. I wept because I wanted Baba to see it, too.

More people continued to come to Tiljala. Almost every Dada and Didi came. The gates were opened - there was no gate pass system now. The villagers from Tiljala streamed in to see Baba. His wife, who left Him years ago, came. His laokik son, Dr. Gaotam, came too. There was a book of condolences in which people wrote their feelings, their last messages to Baba.

We all tried to understand why He left. I talked with many seniors Dadas and Didis and Margiis. We tried to realize what was Baba's plan. We know that He once said, "I was a mystery. I am a mystery. I will always remain a mystery." Still we didn't think that He would leave us like this, without telling anyone.

He told one thing to Rani, His niece: "You know, when a father leaves his family, the children will have many problems, won't they?" The little girl replied, "Yes, Baba." Then He added, "But it will be all right."

Three weeks before on Vijotsava, August 29, He quoted the spiritual poet Kabir: "The world smiled when I cried, but when I smiled, the world cried." Baba explained that the poem means that at my birth, when I came onto this earth in pain and shock, I cried, yet everyone was happy. When I left this world, having completed my life's work, I smiled, but the world cried.



We realize now that the first phase of Ananda Marga has ended and the second phase has just begun. Newspaper reporters came and asked, "Who is going to be the successor? Who is going to take power now?" We explained, "You know, Baba has given us everything. He has given us the system for making Acaryas, Avadhutas and Avadhutikas, for learning Vishva Yoga. He has trained the senior Margis and workers, the Central Committee members. We know how to handle the organization."

Yet we didn't feel confident, we all felt uncertain. Then we recalled that if a father has a family farm or business, he will train his children everyday. Then suddenly one day he will say:

"OK, I'm retiring today. Now you manage the work."

The children say, "Wait, what if some problem comes?"

"I know you can handle it."

"No, no, we can't handle it."

"I know you can handle it. I trained you. I know that you are ready."

We realize now that Baba was training us all of His life. I often felt that no matter what we did or didn't do, Baba would establish Sadvipra Samaj. In a spiritual sense, I still believe this. Now, though, I also feel a tremendous responsibility. If we don't establish His mission, who will?

Dada Vijayananda described how Baba was in such a hurry in the last year. Five days previously, He had personally initiated 79 new Avadhutas and Avadhutikas, the largest number ever. He gave more dictation every day.

Now I feel that we can start the real work. When Baba was here my mind was attracted to His physical form. While working in the field, I often thought, "I want to see Baba again. I wonder how I can save money for a plane ticket to India?"

Internally, Baba is right here. Nothing has changed spiritually



at all. Baba showed us that He was with us our whole lives. We are never alone and helpless because the force that guides the stars guides us too.

When we needed Him, we never worried whether Baba might then be asleep in Calcutta. We knew that Baba was always with us. It is the same now, only the body is not in Calcutta but in each of us. He said it often, "I am within you."

He once said, "In the past I helped sadhakas to attain the blissful state, I am helping sadhakas at present, and I shall help also in the future through other means, even when I shall not remain physically." He also said, "The physical form is not the Guru, but the entity behind this physical form is the Guru. Therefore, Brahma alone is the Guru."

Our Ideology is the most important thing. He told us, "Those who love my Ideology, love me. But those who say they love me but don't love my Ideology, I doubt whether they really love me." His Ideology is what He gave the world and what He died for. This Ideology we must hold onto, this we must establish.

The Public Relations Secretary asked me to help write a press release. We tried to mention all the things that Baba had given to the world. He composed 5,018 Prabhat Samgiita songs, more than any musician in the history of the world. His books, over 300, cover every subject. Now we can translate and publish them all within the next year or so.

I stopped and went in to get a blanket as it was chilly where I was writing outside. In my room, one Dada started to play kiirtan. More than anything in the world, I wanted to sing kiirtan then. Again I started to cry.

I cried because I realized that the most important thing that Baba gave me I could never write in that press release. He gave me more love than I had ever known in my life. That love fills me with happiness, with bliss and fulfillment. He was Anandamurtiji, the

embodiment of bliss.

I can never understand how Baba came to me. I did nothing to deserve it. I can find nothing in my past to understand how Baba chose me, how He found me in the middle of nowhere in America. One Philippino Dada came to my town and initiated me. Later that Dada left the organization. I feel as though Baba sent him personally to find me and bring me to Him.



Baba once explained a new Prabhat Samgiita to me: "Parama Purusa is not like the moon that is so far away. He is like the moonlight that comes right to your heart."

Now the real spiritual journey begins. When Baba was physically alive, He was a form that you could see if you could somehow arrange a ticket around the world. Even then, most of His time was taken up with the large and highly complex organization which He led.

Now we must chase Him internally. One week before His passing, Baba came to me in a dream. It was one of my most precious experiences with Baba. I know now that He graciously gave me that dream so I would realize that I can continue my spiritual relationship with Him, that I can see Him again in my sadhana, that nothing has changed.

He described this in His songs: "An unknown traveller silently came to me. No one announced His coming, no trumpets or conch shells blew. He touched my heart and filled me with love and bliss. Alone we sat and I said, 'Please do something, please say

something. Don't go now. Yet with silent footsteps He left again. I could not stop Him. Now I cry and wait for Him to come back. Unknown traveller, who are You? What did You give me? When will I see You again?"

The mortal remains of Shrii Shrii Anandamurtiji were cremated on Friday, October 26. In Tiljala, there is a huge place kept for the ostrich, so we asked the ostrich to please move to another place. It seemed as though the central courtyard, almost one hundred meters in diameter, had been designed for some fantastic event. In the centre the workers built a six-pointed yantra from firebricks two metres high with a ramp leading up to it. In the centre was a pyre of wood.



That morning they prepared the coffin for carrying. I watched the welders add big hooks so that with pipes the coffin could be lifted. It was standing on bricks. Suddenly, the workers putting the pipes in wanted to take out the bricks. So I leaned forward and helped to pick up the coffin. They took the bricks out and we put the coffin on the floor. I thought, "Baba, I was not among the very few chosen to serve as a pallbearer. Yet you have just given me the chance to serve You one last time in this way. Thank You, Baba."

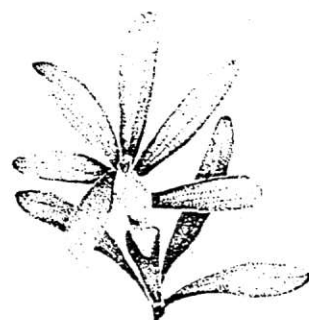
We laid out a red carpet from Baba's house all the way around Tiljala, up the ramp to the pyre in the centre. We covered that carpet with thousands of flower petals. The crowd of 15,000 assembled at 10am and waited.

Finally, Baba's body came. The Dadas carried the body up to

the pyre. Brothers and sisters danced kaoshiki and tandava. The VSS and GV gave their salute, then dipped their flags. The flag at the gate was at half mast.

We danced kiirtan before holding a short Dharma Cakra. It deeply saddened me to watch the sisters remain seated. There is an old dogma in India that sisters should not dance kiirtan in the presence of brothers. Several times at DMC Baba Himself invited all the sisters to dance, yet still this dogma continued. When two overseas sisters stood up in the crowd and danced kiirtan, several Indian sisters actually tried to pull them down again. This went on for several minutes. It was very painful to watch, as we all knew this was the last kiirtan anyone would dance in Baba's physical presence. Suddenly, spontaneously, one thousand sisters rose as one and the whole crowd danced together. It was a very moving sight.

A flock of twenty birds flew over the crowd, circled directly over Baba's body, then flew over to the canteen roof and watched. At 12.10pm, Kim'shuk, Baba's adopted son, lit the wood and the people started to cry.



The fire burned for more than five hours. The crowd listened to kiirtan the entire time. The people were so respectful and dignified. The journalists who came were clearly impressed. Nobody left until nightfall when the Dadas extinguished the fire. Dadaji Dhruvananda collapsed, so we carried him out on a stretcher, but everyone else stayed. Finally the ashes were placed in silver urns. The General Secretary carried the urns back to Baba's quarters.

The ashes will be divided and a small portion will go to every Marga Guru quarters in the world, every house we built for Baba. In each we will build a small monument to place the ashes.

Baba told us that He came on this earth to establish a moral society for the whole world. He said that we may allow no man, woman or child to suffer without food, clothes, housing, proper education or medical care. We must allow no one to feel that his or her life is useless. Baba promised to create a beautiful world united in peace by 2005.

Society usually builds a statue when a famous person dies. Yet what monument can we give to Baba that is worthy of Him? We have to give what He gave His life for - the world. We have to create one human society that provides everyone with the minimum necessities and that is conducive for collective elevation. He knew this and He knew that we could do it with what He has already given.

Just before He left us, Baba invited all the workers and Margiis in a meeting to take a new oath. It was His last gift to us. He said, "Place your hands on your heart. Repeat after me:

All my energy, all my mind, all my thoughts and all my deeds are to be goaded unto the path of the collective elevation of human society, without neglecting other living and inanimate entities, right from this moment until the last moment of my existence on this earth."

Baba lived that. We did not realize then that He was also describing His last moment of living on this earth.

Most people find funerals very painful. It often takes a very long time to get over the death of friends or relatives. Parents, husbands and wives often grieve for months and even years when they lose their beloved one. Yet in Calcutta, I watched the Margiis overcome the pain of separation in just a few days. I left very, very inspired.

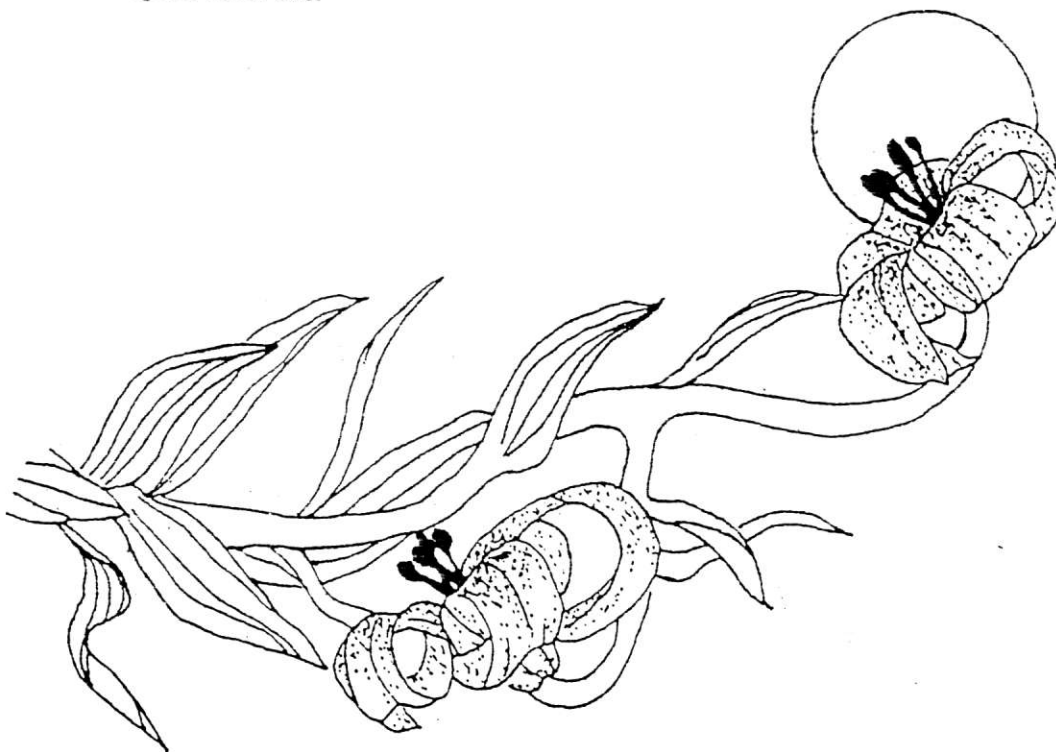
One month ago, in the hospital, Baba said, "The future has come, the crimson dawn has already arrived. Just go on doing your duty. The work is already finished." Now we realize what He meant. He promised that the Cosmic Mind has already done the work. We need not worry, but should merely continue to do our duties.

The Ananda Marga Central Committee unanimously chose Dadaji Shraddhananda, the senior-most Avadhuta, as the new President of Ananda Marga. He will repost workers when necessary. The Purodha Board also selected him as the new Purodha Pramukha. Dadaji Keshavananda will serve as his Personal Assistant.

Baba gave us all the procedures and all the projects that we should do. Now we must collectively decide how to do them as quickly as possible. More than ever now we need your advice and your help. We need every Margii.

We must show the world the treasures that Baba gave to Ananda Marga: our saffron flag, our pratik and pratikrti, our sublime philosophy, universal love and an intensely keen unity among ourselves. We cannot allow any divisions to come between us. Holding onto the Ideology, trying to understand the Ideology with our rational mind, we must collectively choose the right course of action. He has given us all the principles and structures.

Now we have to do it.





# Waiting and the Meeting

Ac Santosananda Avt

In the silence and solitude of night, when the world sleeps, I wait for You, Dear! I know You like to meet me in absolute loneliness. I realize the inner sweetness and soul-stirring beauty of Your love.

Several times You came to meet me but went back when You found me surrounded by a crowd of people and saw me merged in the volumes of work. You like to meet me when I am available exclusively to You. You feel hurt when You see me sharing time with someone else. Your love is in fact totally personal and it knows of no other entity existing alongside the relationship of the two.

How beautifully You were attired when I met You last, O my Lord Beloved! O the Darling of my Heart! How nicely and wonderfully You had decorated Yourself! I forgot the charm and allurements of worldly beauties - the best of them - once I saw the beauty of Your appearance and the charm of Your decoration. An incomparable beauty! A heavenly charm!! Undoubtedly super-humanly decorated!

In order to keep my mind captive in the beauty of Your person, in the charm and joy of Your love, You appear in this inebriating form. So that I remain always in love with You only. You come again and again adorned, I may say, with the beauties of both the worlds - corporeal as well as nectarian. You saturate my imagination with the fragrance of Your body.

My imagination comes to its flight's end in Your loving company. It loses its wings of flight in Your contact and companionship. Dear! You are not just a lover, but truly an immensely joyful lover. It is for this reason that You want and You demand my exclusive

presence during the meeting of our joy, during the communion of our love.

And so I too wished to meet You while You were in the company of others, but You didn't like it. You prefer to enjoy my company when other engagements do not deprive You of personal solitariness. I have therefore been returning from Your door again and again without our meeting being materialized for want of just one thing - absolute loneliness.

Now I feel clearly Your company and Your meeting warrant complete solitude. I didn't find You ever interested in formal meetings. You like a meeting that unites us, that unifies us - which does not just associate us. You wish a meeting that removes all the gaps between us. Meeting You means bathing under the shower of purely personal love. Your company implies swimming in the ocean of beauty and sweetness.

And as such You keep me waiting for a meeting that entails such unenviable joy and glory. You ignore my advances if they lack the environment You like. You refuse to hear my requests if circumstances do not permit the privacy of Your choice.

That's why I wait for You when my only companion is loneliness, where the only disturbance comes from celestial sounds.

My heart remains full of sweetness to welcome You. My feelings get drowned in the depth of Your love - benign and beautiful.

I sit thinking of You and Your love. It is a love which cannot compare with the world.

..... The whole world of sweetness descends upon me in the expectation of meeting You. I get surrounded by the feelings of the closest intimacy with You. I become eager, nay anxious, to take You in my arms. My whole body becomes restless to avail Your nearest touch. I feel tremendous excitement and become more restive with every passing moment. I soar higher and higher. My emotions become holier and holier. I wait for the fateful moment, for the auspicious event. The thought of the sweetness of the meeting intoxicates me every moment it invigorates me. I experience the overpowering flow of Your love.

..... And when You come, the Beauty, the Bliss, the Sweetness - with their entire existential faculties - arrive with You straight from their heavenly abode. Something special starts happening in the whole atmosphere. The environment does not remain the same. It becomes sweeter and more pleasant - something that can occur in Your presence alone.

Now the waiting comes to an end and the much cherished meeting starts to materialize. The cruel fangs of agony disappear as though in nothingness. The world of ugliness and the music of transitoriness cease to exist. The sorrow of worldly attachments and the momentary happiness of inferential (tanmatriic) vibrations vanish in oblivion... You materialize something absolutely new, something unadulteratedly blissful... something unheard of, unknown, unexperienced.

# Ananda Marga Australasian Address Listing

## **Suva Sectorial**

### **MG Quarters**

19 Lovel Street  
Katoomba, NSW 2780  
(047) 823-911

## **Suva Sectorial Office**

46 Shaftsbury Road  
P.O. Box 713  
Burwood, NSW 2134  
(02) 744-7192  
Ac. Devatmananda Avt.  
Ac. Rtabuddhananda Avt.  
Ac. Jayeshvarananda Avt.  
Ac. Manavendrananda Avt.  
Ac. Mayadhiishananda Avt.  
Ac. Ratneshvarananda Avt.

## **Women's Welfare Sectorial Office**

199 Clauscen Street  
North Fitzroy, Vic 3068  
Av. Anandasampurna Ac.  
Av. Anandashukla Ac.

## **Sydney Region**

AMPS-(See Sectorial Office)

WWS-#32B Andreas Street  
Petersham, NSW 2049  
(02) 560-1945  
Av. Anandarenuka Ac.  
Av. Anandasandipa Ac.

Vistara School  
Lot 8 Richmond Hill Road  
Lismore, NSW 2480  
(066) 244-127  
Av. Anandavitandra Ac.

## **Melbourne Region**

AMPS-#1 Dorothy Street  
Brunswick, Vic 3056  
(03) 380-8764  
Ac. Amegha Brc.

AMPS-#62 Elizabeth Street  
Croydon, SA 5008  
(08) 466-901  
Ac. Agamananda Avt.

*Melbourne Region, cont.*  
WWS-#77 Jubilee Street  
South Hobart  
Tasmania 7000  
Brcii. Snigda Ac.

Strathcreek IDC  
c/- WWS Sectorial Office

WWS-Adelaide  
c/- 62 Elizabeth Street  
Brcii. Yashodhara Ac.

## **Brisbane Region**

AMPS-#2 Prospect Terrace  
Highgate Hill 4101  
(07) 846-5209  
Ac. Rainjaneshvarananda Avt.  
Ac. Diipajinananda Avt.  
Ac. Jyotiprakash Brc.

Ananda Palli IDC  
GBTC Training Centre  
Mt. Tully School  
P.O. Box 3  
Severnlea, Qld. 4352  
Ac. Krsnashivananda Avt.  
Ac. Gatiriishananda Avt.

Maleny IDC  
P.O. Box 177  
Maleny, Qld. 4553  
(071) 942-783

WWS-#37 Gloucester Street  
Highgate Hill, Qld. 4101  
(07) 844-2944  
Brcii. Aparajita Ac.

Ananda Madhuri IDC  
P.O. Box 570  
Gympie, Qld. 4570  
(071) 849-166  
Av. Anandavijaya Ac.  
Brcii. Shanti Ac.

## **Perth Region**

AMPS-#61 Kimberley Street  
West Leederville, WA 6007  
(09) 381-7024  
Ac. Diipendra Brc.  
Ac. Krsnapremananda Avt.

WWS-#9 Grosvenor Road  
Bayswater, WA 6053  
(09) 271-1767  
Brcii. Kalyanii Ac.

## **Wellington Region**

AMPS-#51 Sussex Street  
Greylynn, Auckland NZ  
(649) 762-290  
Ac. Satyapremananda Avt.

WWS-#26 Sunnyside Road  
Sunnyvale, Auckland NZ  
(649) 844-2944  
Brcii. Chinmayii Ac.

## **Guam Region**

AMPS-P.O. Box 21987  
Guam USA 96921  
Ac. Sachiindra Brc.

WWS-#18 Angela Court  
Dededo, Guam 96912  
(671) 632-9251  
Av. Anandanivedita Ac.

## **Suva Region**

WWS-P.O. Box 4617  
Samubula, Suva Fiji  
(679) 385-462  
Av. AnandaBratati Ac.

## **Port Moresby Region**

AMPS-c/- Sectorial Office  
Ac. Kalyanmaya Brc.

## **Fasting Dates**

Ekadashi	Purnima/Amavasya
March 26	March 30
April 10	April 15
April 24	April 29
May 10	May 14
May 24	May 28



A black and white photograph of a rocky landscape. In the foreground, there are large, light-colored, angular rocks. In the background, two tall, thin trees with dense, rounded canopies stand against a hazy, mountainous backdrop. The overall scene is serene and natural.

## *Ananda Vani*

After the first spiritual initiation, when people look towards their Iis't'a, they do not become perturbed by anything. No reactive momenta can bind them. The reactions of their actions, which would have inevitably found expression, become quickly exhausted. New reactive momenta are not created and they reach their destination within a short time.

It is a fact that when spiritual aspirants follow this scientific system of spiritual practice, they obtain their goal within a single lifetime. This is the true life of a human being.

So that the Ananda Margiis can attain such a life, I was, I am and shall always remain engaged in that very endeavour.

Shrii Shrii Anandamurti